

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swaggering here, So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? What a Play toward? He be an auditor, An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speake *Piramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

*Pir.* *Thisby*, the flowers of odious sauiors sweete.

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pir.* Odours sauiors sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit Pir.*

*Puck.* A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

*Thisby.* Must I speake now?

*Pet.* I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Thisby.* Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most brisk Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, He meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

*Pet.* *Ninnies* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answered to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

*Thisby.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

*Pir.* If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

*Pet.* O monstrous, O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

*The Clownes all Exit.*

*Puk.* He follow you, He leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse He be, sometime a hound: (bryer, A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

*Enter Piramus with the Asses head.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Asses-head of your owne, do you?

*Enter Peter Quince.*

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can, I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woodcocke, so blacke of hew, With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throthle, with his note so true, The Wren and little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,

The plain-song Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answer, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?

Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

*Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,

Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;

On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

*Bot.* Me-thinks mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now-a-days.

The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,

And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,

He giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt like an aerie spirit goe.

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.*

*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

*Tyta.* Be

*Tyta.* Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman, Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies, Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries, With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries, The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees, And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes, And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes, To haue my loue to bed, and to arise: And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies, To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies. Nod to him Elues, and doe him cuncties.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy hartly; I beseech your worships name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

*Peas.* Pease-blossome.

*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squash, your mother, and to master Peasblossome your father. Good master Pease-blossome, I shall desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seede.

*Peas.* Pease-blossome.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seede, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seede.

*Tyta.* Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,

And when she weepes, weepe euery little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastitie. *Exit.*

Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.

*Enter King of Pharies, Solus.*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't; Then what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must doe on, in extremitie.

*Enter Pucke.*

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,

What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?

*Puck.* My Mistresse with a monster is in loue,

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

Were met together to rehearse a Play,

Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who *Piramus* presented in their sport,

Forsooke his Scene, and entered in a brake,

When I did him at this aduantage take;

An Asses nole I fixed on his head,

Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,

And forth my Mimicke edmes: when they him spie,

As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or ruffed-pated choughes, many in sort,

(Rising and cawing at the guns report)

Seuer themselves, and madly sweep the skye:

So at his sight, away his fellow

And at our stampe, here ore a

He murth'ring cries, and helpe

Their sense thus weake, lost v

Made senselesse things begin

For briars and thornes at thei

Some sleeues, some hats, from

I led them on in this distra

And left sweete *Piramus* tran

When in that moment (so it

*Tyrant* waked, and straightw

*Ob.* This fals out better th

But hast thou yet lacht the *Ar*

With the loue iuyce, as I did

*Rob.* I tooke him sleeping

And the *Athenian* woman by

That when he wak't, of force

*Enter Demetrius and*

*Ob.* Stand close, this is th

*Rob.* This is the woman, b

*Dem.* O why rebuke you

Lay breath so bitter on your

*Her.* Now I but chide, bu

For thou (I feare) hast giuen

If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in

Being ore shoos in blood, pl

me too:

The Sunne was not so true v

As he to me. Would he haue

From sleeping *Hermia*? He b

This whole earth may be bor

May through the Center cree

Her brothers noonetide, with

It cannot be but thou hast mu

So should a murth'rer looke,

*Dem.* So should the murd

Pierst through the heart with

Yet you the murderer looks

As yonder *Venus* in her glim

*Her.* What's this to my

Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou

*Dem.* I'de rather giue his

*Her.* Out dog, out cur, thou

Of maidens patience. Haft t

Henceforth be neuer numbre

Oh, once tell true, euen for m

Durst thou a looke vpon him

And hast thou kill'd him slee

Could not a worme, an Adder

An Adder did it: for with d

Then thine (thou serpent) ne

*Dem.* You spend your pa

I am not guiltie of *Lysander*'s

Nor is he dead for ought tha

*Her.* I pray thee tell me th

*Dem.* And if I could, wh

*Her.* A priuiledge, neuer

And from thy hated preferenc

Whether he be dead or no.

*Dem.* There is no followi

Here therefore for a while I

So sorrowes heauinesse doth

For debt that bankrupt slip

Which now in some slight n